Price, 25 Cents

Christmas Speakin' at Skaggs's Skule

MARIE IRISH

PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

These songs can be used in all manner of entertainments. The music is easy and both music and words are especially catchy. Children like them. Everybody likes them. Sheet music. Price, 35 cents each.

HERE'S TO THE LAND OF THE STARS AND THE STRIPES. (Bugbee-Worrell.) A patriotic song which every child should know and love. The sentiment is elevating. The music is martial and inspiring. May be effectively sung by the entire school. Suitable for any occasion and may be sung by children or grown-ups. Be the first to use this song in your community.

I'LL NEVER PLAY WITH YOU AGAIN. (Guptill-Weaver.) A quarrel between a small boy and girl. The words are defiant and pert. The boy and his dog have been in mischief, and the small maiden poutingly declares that she will never play with him again, but changes her mind in the last verse. A taking little duet for any occasion, with full directions for motions.

JOLLY FARMER LADS AND LASSIES. (Irish-Lyman.) A decidedly humorous action song prepared especially for district schools. It will make a hit wherever produced.

JOLLY PICKANINNIES. (Worrell.) Introduce this coon song into your next entertainment. If you use the directions for the motions which accompany the music, the pickaninnies will bring down the house. Their black faces and shining eyes will guarantee a "hit." The words are great and the music just right.

LULLABY LANE. (Worrell.) This song is one which the children, once having learned, will never forget. The words have the charm of the verses written by Robert Louis Stevenson. The music is equally sweet and is perfectly suited to the beautiful words. It may be sung as a solo by a little girl with a chorus of other little girls with dolls, or as a closing song by the whole school.

MY OWN AMERICA, I LOVE BUT THEE. (Worrell.) Here is a song that will arouse patriotism in the heart of every one who hears it. The music is so catchy that the children and grown-ups, too, just can't resist it. It makes a capital marching song.

NOW, AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU CAME? (Guptill-Weaver.) This is a closing song which is quite out of the ordinary. There is humor in every line. The music is lively. Your audience will not soon forget this spicy song for it will get many an unexpected laugh. The motions which accompany this song make it doubly effective. For any occasion and for any number of children.

WE ARE CREEPY LITTLE SCARECROWS. (Guptill-Weaver.) A weird, fascinating action song. You can't go wrong with this song. There are four verses and chorus. Complete directions accompany this song so that it may be featured as a song and drill, if desired. For any occasion and for any number of children.

WE'VE JUST ARRIVED FROM BASHFUL TOWN. (Worrell.) This song will bring memories to the listeners of their own bashful school days. They will recall just how "scared" they were when asked to sing or play or speak. The words are unusually clever. The music is decidedly melodious. It makes a capital welcome song or it may be sung at any time on any program with assured success.

WE HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT YOUR SMILES ALONG. (Worrell.) A welcome song that will at once put the audience in a joyous frame of mind and create a happy impression that will mean half the success of your entire program. Words, bright and inspiring. Music, catchy. A sure hit for your entertainment.

WE'LL NOW HAVE TO SAY GOOD-BYE. (Worrell.) This beautiful song has snap and go that will appeal alike to visitors and singers. It is just the song to send your audience home with happy memories of the occasion.

Paine Publishing Company **Dayton, Ohio**

Christmas Speakin' at Skaggs's Skule

By

MARIE IRISH

PAINE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO

PS635
.Z9I6812

CHARACTERS

Miss Emmeline Elkins—Teacher.

Josiah Judd—Clerk of Skule Board.

Mrs. Skaggs, Mrs. Hill } Visitors.

Billy Skaggs—Very Bashful.

Ole Swanson—A Swede.

Florildy, Matildy } The Twins.

Rastus—A Negro Boy.

Sam Shaw—Who Stutters.

Virgil Vane—Very Studious.

Tiny Tilly—Small for Age.

Corabell—Her Fat Sister.

Sarah Jane—Who's Not Scared.

Time of Playing—Thirty Minutes

Scene, An Old-time District School room

TMP96-006495

Copyright, 1921, by Paine Publishing Company

DEC 16 1921

©CLD 59386

no 1

COSTUMES

Miss Elkins, Old-maid costume, much fussed up with bright colors; spectacles, hair in corkscrew curls each side of face.

Josiah Judd, Chin whiskers, colored shirt, bright tie, suit that is too large, boots, large red bandanna handkerchief.

Mrs. Skaggs and Mrs. Hill, Hair done up old style, old-fashioned wool dresses, small old-time bonnets that tie under chin, shawls.

Billy Skaggs, good-sized boy with clothes too small waist with large ruffled collar, bright bow tie, short trousers, bright stockings.

Ole Swanson, colored shirt, overalls, colored handkerchief tied around neck.

Matildy and Florildy, Old-fashioned wool dresses, much too long, hair flowing, ribbon tied around head with bow at the top.

Rastus, Bright calico waist, trousers that do not fit, patched with bright color, face blackened.

Virgil Vane, hair parted in middle, spectacles, coat much too small, long trousers, stand-up collar.

Sam Shaw, Short trousers, a coat much too large and long.

Tilly, A small slender girl with rather long, tight-fitting dress, hair hanging in two braids.

CORABELL, Good-sized girl, well padded to be fat, very short skirt, hair with big bow at each side of face.

SARAH JANE, Rather small size, dressed much too old for age, hair crimped, old-style gown.

Stage arrangement—Pupils sit on benches along back of stage; small table for teacher at one side with books, bell and long ruler. Stand with water pail and dipper, dinner pails hanging on wall, also children's wraps; some decorations of evergreen and Merry Christmas pinned on wall in leters of various sizes and colors. Visitors sit in chairs at sides of room.

Christmas Speakin' at Skaggs's Skule

TEACHER (*tapping bell loudly*)—Now, children dear, I hope you will all be very, very good and very, very quiet while we have our entertainment. What kind of an entertainment is it to be, children? (*a pause*) W'y, children, don't you know what kind of an entertainment it is going to be?

VIRGIL—Wal, I think it'll be a fust-rate good 'un if none of 'em don't fergit their pieces.

SAM—W-w-w-w-w-wal, I w-w-w-w-w-won't f-f-f-f-fergit mine if I d-d-d-d-don't git b-b-b-b-b-bashful.

SARAH JANE—Huh, you bet you I won't git skeered—I haint fraid o' nothin'. I wouldn't be skeered to speak if they was a grizzly bear here.

TILLY—Oh, teacher, she would, too, wouldn't she, teacher?

SARAH JANE—I wouldn't neither, so there!

TEACHER (*tapping bell*)—Children, be still. That is not a nice way to act on entertainment day. I meant what kind of an entertainment are we going to have according to the season (*a pause*). W'y, can't you tell, children?

CORABELL—Teacher, what's season?

MATILDY—Huh, don't you know that? W'y, it's salt an' pepper an' spice an' stuff they put in things to season 'em.

VIRGIL—Aw, that haint what it means—it's spring an' fall an' winter—that's what season means, haint it, teacher?

TEACHER (*tapping bell*)—Children, be still. I mean what kind of pieces are we going to have in our entertainment?

ALL (*loudly*)—Chris'mus pieces.

TEACHER—Yes, children, that is right—Christmas pieces, children. Why are we going to have Christmas pieces, children? (*pause*).

RASTUS—I reckon so's we-all'll git a Chris'mus present ef we does our pieces good. Mammy says as how she's gwine gimme a mighty nice present ef I does my part good.

SAM—I t-t-t-t-think we're s-s-s-s-s-sayin' K-k-k-k-k-k-k-kris'mus pieces k-k-k-k-k-kawase K-k-k-k-k-k-kris'mus is the time to s-s-s-s-s-say K-k-k-k-k-k-k-kris'mus pieces.

TEACHER—Yes, children, we're going to have a nice Christmas entertainment because Christmas day is coming and we all love Christmas day, don't we, children?

ALL—Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER—And so, children, I hope we shall have a nice entertainment, an' that you will be very, very good an' speak up nice an' loud an' do your parts the very, very best you can (*children nudge each other and point off stage as if looking out of window*).

FLORILDY (*waving hand*)—Teacher, somebody's comin' (*knock is heard*).

TEACHER—S-s-sh! Be quiet, children (*goes over and admits Mrs. Hill*).

Enter Mrs. Hill

MRS. HILL—Good afternoon, teacher. I heard as how you're goin' to have Chris'mus speakin' here this afternoon an' I says to Jeremiah, I says, I'm jes' goin' over to the skule house an' hear that speakin' 'cause as I says to 'im, says I, I do jes' love to hear the childrun speak their pieces. An' so here I be, teacher, an' I hope I haint late.

TEACHER—No, indeed, you're not late, Mis' Hill, an' we're very, very glad you came. Have this chair (*she seats Mrs. Hill*).

MRS. HILL—My, my, well I remember the time, teacher, that I've spoke a piece at Chris'mus time. They did say, as I says to Jeremiah, says I, they used to say that I was an awful good hand at speakin'. Mebbe I'll speak a piece here today (*smiles at children*).

TEACHER—That will be very, very nice. You'd like to have Mis' Hill speak, wouldn't you, children?

ALL—Yes, ma'am (*they nudge and point off stage again*).

SARAH JANE—Oh, teacher, Billy Skaggs's mother, she's comin'. (*a knock is heard. Teacher goes over and admits Mrs. Skaggs*).

Enter Mrs. Skaggs

MRS. SKAGGS—How-de-do, teacher. I hope you're feelin' real well. I've come over to the Chris'mus speakin', teacher. I've got an awful lot o' work to do to home, bein' as we're goin' to have comp'ny on Chris'mus, an' I'm tryin' to make some Chris'mus presents, an' bake an' clean up an' all, but Billy he was so set on my comin' that I jes' come an' here I be (*she shakes hands with the teacher and Mrs. Hill*).

TEACHER—We are very, very glad you came. I should have been very, very dissappointed if no one came to visit (*she seats Mrs. Skaggs by Mrs. Hill*).

MRS. SKAGGS—I hope you haint had none the speakin' yet. I'd hate dreadful bad to miss any of it. As I was sayin' to Hen—that's my husban'—I says, Hen, there aint a single thing I like to hear better'n children speakin' pieces. I think it's dreadful nice, even when they make mistakes. As I says to Hen, we can't expect 'em to do too good.

OLE (*pointing off stage*)—Oh, teacher, yust look who's ban comin'!

TEACHER (*tapping bell*)—Be quiet, children (*knock is heard. She goes over and admits Josiah Judd*).

Enter Josiah Judd

MR. JUDD—How-de-do, teacher, how-de-do? I came over to be present at—that is, to attend, and injoy—that is, to participate in the Chris'mus entertainment (*shakes hands awkwardly with teacher and the two visitors*). As a member of the skule board I feel that I should incourage the childern of the deestrict with my presence here an' see how

they're gittin' on. Be they doin' purty good, teacher? (*looks children over*).

TEACHER—We're very, very glad you came, Mr. Judd. Yes, they're doin' real well (*she seats him*). Now, children dear, we will begin to commence our Christmas entertainment (*Billy sobs softly*).

SARAH JANE (*waving hand*)—Teacher, teacher, Billy's bawlin'.

TEACHER—W'y, Billy, what is the matter? (*goes to him*).

BILLY (*sobbing*)—I—I—I—

MRS. SKAGGS—Lan' sakes, teacher, what's the matter with 'im? Billy, is your stummick botherin' you?

BILLY—I—I want to set longside o' maw.

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, Billy, you set right where you be an' stop your fussin'.

BILLY (*boo-hooing out loud*)—I—want—to set—by—maw.

MRS. SKAGGS—Wal, lan' sakes, teacher, I spose he'll cry himself sick ef he can't set by me. Can he come set here? He's an awful hand fer his maw, Billy is (*the children giggle*).

TEACHER (*taking Billy by hand and leading him*)—Yes, he may sit up here (*she fixes a chair beside his mother for Billy*). Now, children dear, we will sing our nice welcome song (*she beats time with long ruler, Mr. Judd beats time with his hand and keeps time with his head; the two visitors*

beat time with foot. The children sing with a great deal of spirit).

TUNE: JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
Joyfully we welcome you;
Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
With a welcome glad and true;
Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
Welcome to your Christmas toys;
Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
With your welcome Christmas joys.
Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
With a welcome loud and clear
Welcome, welcome, Merry Christmas,
Welcome, best day of the year.

MRS. HILL—That was real fine.

MRS. SKAGGS—They done jes' splendid, teacher.

MR. JUDD—Very good, very good!

TEACHER—Now we will have an essay on Christmas by Virgil Vale. Virgil wrote this all by himself out of his own head an' it is very, very good (*Virgil walks to the front with long strides, smoothes his hair, fixes his collar, straightens his coat, blows his nose, then takes a paper from his pocket and reads; high tone and sing-song*).

VIRGIL—Christmas is a very nice day. It comes on the 25th day of December. Christmas is when Santa Claus

comes with presents. Christmas is when we hang up our stockings to get presents. Christmas is when we have Christmas trees with presents on. Christmas is when folks has company or goes visitin'. On Christmas day folks say Merry Christmas to each other. Christmas day don't last long but it is a long time gettin' here. It is more blessed to give Christmas than to receive it. Christmas is a merry day (*bows low and takes seat*).

TEACHER—That was fine, Virgil.

MR. JUDD (*nodding head*)—Very good, very good!

MRS. HILL—I couldn't a wrote a better one myself.

TEACHER—Now we will have a piece by Ole Swanson.

OLE (*much scared*)—Teacher, I aint ban feel very gude—I don't gass I ban speakin' my piece today. I—I skall got awfully yumpin' tooths aching, teacher.

TEACHER—Oh, now, Ole, you can speak. Your tooth doesn't ache.

OLE—Teacher, please, I ban gotting such a headache I aint skall ban feelings gude, teacher. I no skall ban able to speakings, teacher.

TEACHER—Then I shall tell your mother not to give you any Christmas present.

OLE—Then by yimminy, I skall ban speakings, yust the same like I aint ban sick (*marches rapidly to front and speaks*):

One time there ban one little boy,
Who sometimes yust ban bad an' rude;
He makes a face to his mamma (*makes face*)
An' aint behaves not very gude.

He don't ban studies very hard
To learn his lessons gude to skule;
An' sometimes whispers with the girls,
Which skall ban 'gainst the teacher's rule.

This little boy he ban so bad
That when gude Mister Santy come,
All he skall puts into his stocking
Ban yust one piece of shewing gum.

(*Makes quick bow and hurries to seat.*)

RASTUS—Done served dat-dare boy jes' right, aint it, teacher?

TEACHER—Yes, indeed. You spoke very well, Ole. Next we shall have a song by the twins, Matildy and Florildy.

MATILDY—Oh, I don't want to sing—I'm scart.

FLORILDY—You come on, now. You know what maw told you—that she'd spank you if you didn't sing nice after teacher had learned us so good.

MRS. HILL—Come on, Maltildy. I know that song's goin' to be jes' splendid (*the twins go to the front and are about to sing when Matildy begins to giggle. Florildy looks at her then she too giggles*).

TEACHER—Girls, that is very, very wrong. Sing your song like nice girls. (*Matildy straightens out, then as they are about to sing she has another spell of giggling in which Florildy finally joins. They at last sing*):

MATILDY and FLORILDY.

TUNE: BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

1.

Oh we are the twins, (*Matildy alone*) and Matildy is my name,

(*Florildy alone*) And mine is Florildy, which is almost the same;

(*Both*) Matildy and Florildy, the merry twins are we,
And it's just before Christmas
We're good as good can be.

(*Florildy looks very solemn and good, Matildy giggles.*)

2.

(*Matildy alone*) When Santa Claus cometh I want a pretty ring,

(*Florildy alone*) And since we are twins I am wanting the same thing;

(*Matildy alone*) I want a Christmas doll with fair hair and eyes of blue,

(*Both*) And because we are twins, 'course Florildy wants one too.

3.

Oh, we are the twins (*Florildy pointing to Matildy*) And Matildy is her name;

(*Maltildy, pointing to Florildy*) And hers is Florildy which is almost the same.

(*Both*) Matildy and Florildy, the merry twins are we,
And it's just before Christmas
We're good as good can be (*pass to seats*).

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, I think they done that real fine.

MR. JUDD—Very good, very good!

TEACHER—The next will be a piece by Rastus.

RASTUS—Say, teacher, I don't wan' ter speak no piece, I shooly don' wan' ter, teacher.

TEACHER—Oh, yes, you do, Rastus.

RASTUS—No, hones', re'lly, I shooly cross mah heart an' hope ter die, I don' wan' ter speak mah piece, teacher.

TEACHER—Why not?

RASTUS—I's 'fraid I'll disrecomember it, teacher an' mammy said as how if I disrecomembered mah piece I'd git skun alive when I gits home. I don' wan' ter get skun, shuah's youse born I don' wan' ter, teacher.

TEACHER—Now, Rastus, you won't forget. I know you won't, so come speak like a nice boy.

RASTUS (*rubbing eyes*)—I—I—don' wan' ter—be—SKUN!

MRS. HILL—Poor little fellow (*wipes her eyes*).

SARAH JANE—Teacher, if she skuns 'im will he die?

RASTUS (*loudly*)—Boo-hoo, I don' wan' ter DIE!

MR. JUDD—Now, Rastus, you speak your piece and I'll see that your mother doesn't touch you and I'll give you some candy.

RASTUS—All right (*comes forward grinning widely, bows and speaks*:

Some boys dey wants a drum er gun,
An' some dey t'inks a sled is fun;
But fer mah Chris'mus I's a tellin'
I wants a great, big watermelon.
(*Measures large size with arms.*)

A tickin' watch would suit some boys,
An' some dey's fond ob books an' toys;
But, OH, 'twould set mah heart a swellin'
On Chris'mus ter git a watermelon.
(*Measures large size as before.*)

Candy an' nuts dey jes' suits some,
But as fer me—oh, yum—yum—YUM! (*smacks lips*)
Fer joy I'd shooly feel like yellin'
Ef Santy'd brang me a watermelon.
(*Measures as before, bows low and takes seat.*)

TILLIE—Teacher, he won't git skun, will he?

MR. JUDD—No, indeed he won't. That was very good, very good. (*he gives Rastus bright stick of candy*).

RASTUS (*eating candy*)—Teacher, I jes' as liefs to speak mah piece ovah agin.

TEACHER—No, once is enough.

BILLY—Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

MRS. SKAGGS—Lan' sakes, Billy, what's the matter now?

BILLY—Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, Billy, tell maw what's the matter Be your stummick a hurtin' you agin, Billy?

BILLY—I want some candy like he's got (*points to Rastus*).

MRS. SKAGGS—Wal, jes' as soon's we git home you can have some.

BILLY (*kicking floor with both feet*)—Don't wan' ter wait. Boo-hoo- boo-hoo!

SAM—I s-s-s-s-s-s-say, he b-b-b-b-b-b-better have a g-g-g-g-good l-l-l-l-l-l-lickin'. (*Mr. Judd slips over quietly and puts a stick of candy into Billy's hand*).

BILLY—I won't—(*sees candy and stares at it, laughs and puts it in his mouth*). Oh, Maw, I got some, too (*laughs*).

TEACHER—Now we will have—

CORABELL (*softly*)—Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!

TILLY—Oh, teacher, my little sister's cryin'! (*puts arm around Corabell*). What's the matter, little sister? Are you sick?

CORABELL—No! (*louder*). Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

TEACHER (*goes over*)—Do you want to go home?

CORABELL—NO! (*louder*) Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

TILLY—Please, dearie, tell sister what's the matter.

CORABELL—I want—some—too—boo-hoo-hoo!

MR. JUDD—Pshaw, now! I guess I got myself in trouble (*he slips over and puts candy in Corabell's hand*).

TILLY—Oh, see, little sister, what the nice man gave you (*Corabell laughs and puts candy in mouth*).

TEACHER—We will now have a piece by Sarah Jane (*she sits fussing in her seat*). Come, Sarah Jane, speak your piece.

SAM—Huh, she's f-f-f-f-f-f-fraid to s-s-s-s-s-say it.

SARAH JANE—I haint neither—I haint scart o' nuthin'. I'm—I'm a fixin' up my stockin' (*fusses, then goes to front and stands there, twisting her dress and looking down at floor*).

TEACHER—Speak up, nice, Sarah Jane.

VIRGIL—Say, I bet she's so skeert she can't say nothin'.

SARAH JANE—I haint neither.

VIRGIL—Oh, you be, too.

SARAH JANE—I haint scart o' nothin'.

TEACHER—Why don't you speak, Sarah Jane?

SARAH JANE—I'm thinkin'.

TEACHER—What are you thinking about?

SARAH JANE—How my piece starts (*twists dress, looks down at floor, moves lips. Then speaks, loud and fast*).

The air was cold as cold could be,
The wind was blowing dis-ma-lee,
The night was dark as a black cat
And Santy Claus' heart went pit-y-pat.

(*Stops, moves lips, etc., as before. Then speaks the four lines over again and adds*):

'Cause 'twas so dark he feared he'd make,
Scootin' down chimbleys a bad mistake,
An' leave a doll with curly hair
For the big boy a livin' there.

(*Bows low and takes seat.*)

MRS. HILL—That was real fine, Sarah Jane.

MR. JUDD—Very good, very good!

TEACHER—Next Sam Shaw will speak.

SAM—T-t-t-t-t-teacher, I g-g-g-g-g-g-got a s-s-s-s-s-short piece, k-k-k-k-k-kawse it takes me so l-l-l-l-l-long to s-s-s-s s-say it, k-k-k-k-k-kawse I st-st-st-st-st-stutter.

TEACHER—Very well (*Sam pulls coat and contorts body trying to speak*):

A l-l-l-l-l-little b-b-b-b-b-bird sat on a t-t-t-t-tree,
S-s-s-s-s-singin' loud an' k-k-k-k-klear,
Oh, l-l-l-l-l-let us all b-b-b-b-b-be h-h-h-h-h-happy,
K-k-k-k-k-kawse K-k-k-k-k-kris'mus time is here.
(Bows and takes seat.)

MRS. SKAGGS—I think he done that real fine.

MR. JUDD—Very good, very good!

TEACHER—Now, Billy will speak his piece *(Billy shakes head)*.

MRS. SKAGGS—Now Billy, you go speak like a good boy.

BILLY—I—don't wan'—to *(hangs to his mother's skirt)*.

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, don't you be naughty. You go speak your piece so Santy Claus will bring you a nice present.

BILLY—No, no, NO!

MRS. SKAGGS—Come now, maw will take you over *(she takes him by the hand, pulls him to the front to speak, fixes his tie, smoothes his hair and goes back to her seat)*. Now speak, Billy.

BILLY—No, no, NO! *(he runs back and sits by his mother)*.

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, Billy, don't act so—what would paw say? *(she pulls him back to front, fixes him again and turns to go to her seat. Billy grabs her skirt and follows her, crying)*. Wal, teacher, I don't guess he'll speak, he's so bashful. He gits it from his paw an' I spose he can't help it.

TEACHER—Then Tilly will speak her piece.

TILLY (*in high, piping voice, very dramatic gestures*).

Upon the mountains high, (*up to right with right hand*)
Or in the valleys low, (*down at left with left hand*)
Or in the arching heavens, (*up with both hands*)
Where stars in silence glow (*same as above*).
In the North and South land (*point to the front, then back*)
East and West the breezes say, (*to right, then left*)
"Let ev'ry one be merry (*to the front with both hands*)
On Christmas Day" (*same as above*).
(*Very sweeping bow, then takes seat.*)

MRS. HILL—My, my, her motions was jes' grand!

MR. JUDD (*nodding*)—Very good, very good!

TILLY—Teacher, my litle sister has a piece to say.

TEACHER—Then she may speak now.

TILLY—Come on, Corabell, don't be 'fraid. I'll take you up to speak (*she leads Corabell to the front and fixes her hair, ribbons, dress, etc*). Now speak your piece, little sister (*Corabell should be fat and larger than Tilly*).

CORABELL (*lisping*)—

I am a very little girl,
An' has'nt much to thay,
But I'll throw you a sweet kiss,
An' then I'll run away.
(*Throws a kiss then stands grinning.*)

TILLY—Come on, Corabell, run to your seat.

CORABELL—I don't want to (*stands grinning*).

TILLY—Why not?

CORABELL—I want you to come fetch me to my seat.

TILLY—All right (*she goes and takes Corabell to seat*).

MRS. HILL—My, my, aint she the cute little thing?

MRS. SKAGGS—Aint she though? Billy, can't you speak like that little girl?

BILLY—No, no (*clings to his mother*).

VIRGIL—Teacher, can't Mis'Hill speak her piece now?

THE OTHERS—Oh, yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am!

MRS. HILL—My, my, me! It's so long sence I've spoke I guess I've forgot how. Wal, I'll try, but don't you laugh at me (*goes to front, makes sweeping gesture with both hands and bows low*).

Some folks there be, but they aint like me,
That whines an' almost has a fit,
An' pouts if Santy don't bring jes' what
They was wishin' fer to git.
(*Pouts and stands looking very ugly.*)
But some folks there be, an' they're like me,
That smiles an' says "Ho, ho, ho",
No matter what Santy brings 'em,
They're jolly an' laugh jes' like so.

(*Hands on hips and laughs, ha-ha-ha, ho-ho-ho, then makes another low bow and takes seat.*)

TEACHER—That was splendid, wasn't it children? (*Virgil goes off*).

CHILREN (*heartily*)—Yes, ma'am.

MR. JUDD—Very good, very good!

TEACHER—Now, children, we are very, very glad to have our esteemed an' highly respected clerk of the Skule board here with us today. It was very, very nice for him to take so much interest in you an' come to hear your pieces. Now we shall be very, very glad to have him make us a speech, won't we, children?

CHILDREN—Yes, ma'am.

MR. JUDD (*going to front and rubbing hands together as he talks*)—Wal, teacher and children and visiters, I can say with great truth an' much joy that I be glad to been here today. Yes, childern, I allus like fer to hear the childern speak pieces an' I can said that I been proud of the way you speaked an' sung. Yes, childern, I can say with truth an' not a tellin' nuthin' that haint so, that you all done good, very good, in your speakin'. Your nice teacher has been a learnin' you fine an' as I said, you done good. Yes, childern. An' you mus' all been proper behaved in skule, childern, fer nobody can't larn good when they been a cuttin' up, an' misbehavin' an' not a mindin' the nice teacher's rule. Yes, childern. So I want fer to tell you as how you mus' study hard an' behave good. Now, childern, do you know what I be? (*pause*).

FLORILDY—I guess mebbe you're teacher's beau (*children giggle*).

TEACHER (*smiling*)—W'y, w'y, w'y, Florildy, dear, how can you SAY such a thing?

MR. JUDD (*wiping face vigorously with bandanna*)—Yes, yes, that is, I mean to said, I, yes, wal, (*twists bandanna nervously*) I wanted fer to have you said I were CLERK

of the SKULE BOARD, childern, yes, CLERK of SKAGGS'S SKULE, childern, an' I was goin' fer to say as how if you study hard an' been good mebbe some day—yes, who knows, childern, mebbe some o' you'll git to been clerk. Wouldn't that be grand, childern? Yes. So you mus' study hard an' been good behaved. Now I can truthful say I been glad to been here today with you an' your nice teacher, an' I hope you can all said the same. An' I wish you all a merry Chris'mus, childern, very merry. Yes (*sits, mops face with bandanna*).

TEACHER (*beaming*)—Now, wasn't that a splendid speech? An' we thank Mr. Judd very, very much, don't we, children?

CHILDREN—Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER—An' now, children, we will sing our Santy Claus song, an' who knows, children, mebbe Santy Claus will come right here an' serprise us all (*beats time with ruler*).

TUNE: WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE

ALL SING—There's a man who lives far away,
His name is Santy Claus,
He comes with his reindeer an' sleigh,
His name is Santy Claus;
With his bells a ringin',
He comes presents bringin',
Listen, you'll hear (*bells ring off stage*)
Here comes old Santy Claus!

Enter Virgil (dressed as Santy Claus)

VIRGIL (*gruff voice*)—Wal, wal, childern, didn't expec' ter see me here today, did ye? Wal, here I be an' I hope yer al glad to see Santy. Now fust thing, I want ter know HAVE YE BEEN GOOD CHILDERN? Have ye? (*pause*) Have ye been good?

TILLY (*faintly*)—Yes, ma'am.

BILLY—Oh, boo-hoo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo!

MRS. SKAGGS—W'y, Billy, what's the matter?

BILLY—Boo-hoo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo! I'm 'fraid of Santy Claus.

MRS. SKAGGS—Now, Billy, Santy won't hurt you none.

BILLY (*bawling*)—I want to go home. I want to go home (*cries louder and falls down on floor*).

MRS. SKAGGS—Oh, I'm 'fraid he'll have a fit he's so skeered. (*to teacher*) Tell 'im to take off his face so's Billy can see 'im (*teacher runs and talks to Virgil who pulls off his false face*).

TEACHER—See, Billy, it's only Virgil.

VIRGIL (*crossly*)—Nice way to spoil our fun (*Billy stops crying, looks at Virgil and begins to laugh*).

TEACHER—Now, children, we will have a treat and Mr. Judd will help Santy pass it to you (*Virgil and Mr. J. give each one a sack of pop corn and candy as curtain falls*).

CURTAIN

PLAYS, MONOLOGS, Etc.

AS OUR WASHWOMAN SEES IT. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 10 minutes. Nora is seen at the washboard at the home of Mrs. McNeal, where, amidst her work, she engages in a line of gossip concerning her patrons, that will make a hit with any audience. 25 cents.

ASK OUIJA. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 8 minutes. A present-day girl illustrates to her friends the wonders of the Ouija board. Her comments on the mysteries of this present-day fad as she consults Ouija will delight any audience. 25 cents.

COONTOWN TROUBLES. (Bughee-Berg.) A lively black-face song given by Josephus Johnsing, Uncle Rastus and other Coontown folks. 35 cents.

THE GREAT CHICKEN STEALING CASE OF EBENEZER COUNTY. (Walter Richardson.) A negro mock trial for 9 males, 2 females and jurors. Time, 35 minutes. Any ordinary room easily arranged. From start to finish this trial is ludicrous to the extreme and will bring roars of laughter from the audience. 25 cents.

THE GREAT WHISKEY-STEALING CASE OF RUMBOLD VS. RYEBOLD. (Walter Richardson.) A mock trial for 11 males and jury. The fun increases as the trial proceeds, and reaches a climax when the jury decides who stole the whiskey. 25 cents.

HERE'S TO THE LAND OF THE STARS AND THE STRIPES. (Bugbee-Worrell.) Open your minstrel with this rousing patriotic song. Sheet music. 35 cents.

THE KINK IN KIZZIE'S WEDDING. (Mary Bonham.) Time, 20 minutes. For 7 males and 5 females. A colored wedding that will convulse any audience with laughter. Said to be the funniest mock wedding ever produced. 25 cents.

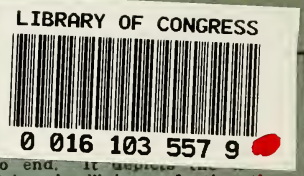
SHE SAYS SHE STUDIES. A monologue. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) A sentimental high-school girl seated with her books preparing the next day's lessons, in a highly original and entertaining manner, expresses her views on the merits of her various studies and her unbiased opinion of her teachers, as she proceeds from book to book in the order of her recitation; but when she has finished, you will agree that she is very much more of an entertainer than a student. 25 cents.

SUSAN GETS READY FOR CHURCH. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Time, 10 minutes. It is time for church and Susan, at her toilet, is excitedly calling for missing articles and her rapid line of gossip about her friends and of certain church activities will bring many a laugh. 25 cents.

THAT AWFUL LETTER. A comedy of unusual merit, in one act. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) For five girls. Time, 30 minutes. Recommended for high schools, societies and churches. Elizabeth Norton, an accomplished college girl from the country, has been reluctantly and rudely invited to visit a city cousin, Margaret Neilson, whom she has never seen. Finding she is expected to be gawky and uneducated, Elizabeth acts the part perfectly. Developments follow thick and fast amid flashes of wit, humor and satire from Elizabeth,, who at last reveals her real self. Margaret's humiliation is complete and there is a happy ending. All the characters are good. The country cousin is a star. 25 cents.

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST. A one-act comedy. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) Six females. Time, 45 minutes. The unexpected arrival of an eccentric aunt throws, a family into a state of excitement and dismay, but before the play is over the unwelcome aunt has endeared herself to her rlatives in quite an unexpected manner. Funny situations throughout. 25 cents.

Paine Publishing Company **Dayton, Ohio**



CHRISTMAS ENTE

CHRISTMAS AT PUNKIN HOL One of the most popular Christmas p clean, wholesome fun from beginning to end. It depicts the of the teacher of an old-fashioned "deestric school" in conducting the last rehearsal for the Christmas Entertainment. Children and grown-ups will be delighted with CHRISTMAS AT PUNKIN HOLLER. 25c.

CHRISTMAS AT McCARTHY'S. (Elizabeth F. Guptill.) A Christmas play for young folks and children that is brimful of fun from start to close and is interspersed with the gentlest pathos. All the characters are good. Easy to produce. No special scenery or costumes. No Santa Claus. Can be played in any schoolroom. 25c.

CHRISTMAS SPEAKIN' AT SKAGGS'S SKULE. (Marie Irish.) Just published. Humorous entertainment for six boys and eight girls, including Ole, the Swede; Rastus, the negro; bashful Bill; Jeremiah Judkins, the skule clerk; Mis' Skaggs and Mis' Hill, the mothers who "help out;" fat little sister; Matildy and Florildy, the twins; Sam who st-t-tut-ters; Tiny, and Miss Emmeline Elkins, the teacher. The speech by the skule clerk and the fake Santy Claus are features. 25c.

CHRISTMAS DIALOGUES. (Cecil J. Richmond.) Every dialogue in this book is decidedly to the point and easy to prepare. They will delight both young and old. The book contains the following: Is There a Santa Clause? (2 small children, Santa Claus and chorus); Herbert's Discovery (2 boys); The Christmas Dinner (2 little girls, 1 larger girl, and 2 boys); Playing Santa Claus (1 small and 2 larger boys); A Double Christmas Gift (2 small girls, 2 larger girls, and 3 boys). Many customers have told us that the last named dialogue is worth the price of the book. 25 cents.

EVERGREEN AND HOLLY—SONG AND DRILL. (Elizabeth F. Guptill. A drill for any even number of boys and girls, or all girls. The girls carry garlands of evergreen while the boys carry wreaths of the same. After a spectacular drill and fancy march they all sing a beautiful Christmas song, which accompanies the drill. Easy to produce and decidedly novel. 25 cents.

GOOD-BYE, CHRISTMAS GROUCHES. (Irish-Lyman.) A jolly Christmas song for any number of boys and girls. It abounds with Christmas cheer and many pleasant surprises. Full of action. Sheet music. This popular song will put "pep" in your Christmas entertainment and will furnish your audience a rare treat. 35 cents.

POINSETTIA DRILL. (Marie Irish.) A drill for 12 or more girls carrying poinsettias. Given to the music of a lively march, interspersed with verses to the tune of the song. "Comin' Through the Rye." Several diagrams make clear the following of the directions. One of the most beautiful Christmas drills published. 25 cents.

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING. (Irish-Garster.) Song for little folks. Easy words and simple action. A pleasing little song that the children will enjoy giving and others will enjoy hearing, because of its merry humor. Sheet music. 35 cents.

STARS OF BETHLEHEM. (Irish-Leyman.) A beautiful song of the Christ Child for either solo or chorus. The music is sweet and perfectly suited to the beautiful words. A delightful number for children or adults. Sheet music, 35 cents.

SNOWBOUND FOR CHRISTMAS. (Edna I. MacKenzie.) For 4 boys and 4 girls. Time, 25 minutes. The roads being blocked by a recent snowstorm, the Simpson family has not been able to get to town to do their Christmas shopping. After considerable lamenting by the children over their disappointment, Ma Simpson, Pa Simpson, and the older children determine upon home-made presents, which results in a most pleasant surprise. 25 cents.

TOPSY TURVY CHRISTMAS, A. (Elizabeth F. Guptill.) A decidedly humorous Christmas play for any number of children from six to twelve years old. The children are tired of "minding" and of everything being "just so," so they start to find a place where things will be different. There is a pleasing surprise for the audience at every turn of the play. 25 cents.

Paine Publishing Company Dayton, Ohio

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 103 557 9